Shal: M. *Page*, I haue ſeene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their ſtroke and their paſſado,
I haue made them trudge Maſter *Page*,
A tis the heart, the heart doth all:
I haue ſeene the day, with my two hand ſword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rats.

Hoſt: Here boyes, ſhall we wag, ſhall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine hoſt.

Exit Hoſt and Shallow.

Page: Come M. *Ford*, ſhall we to dinner?
I know theſe fellowes ſticks in your minde.

For: No in good ſadneſſe, not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it ſo:
Come M. *Page*, ſhall we to dinner?

Page. With all my heart ſir, Ile follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn and Piſtoll.

Fal: Ile not lend thee a peny.

Piſtoll: I will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal: Not a peny: I haue bin content you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vppon my good friends for three repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, elſe you might haue looked thorough a grate like a geminy of Baboones. I am damned in hel for ſwearing to Gentlemen y'are good ſoldiers and tall fellowes: And when miſtris *Bridget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I tooke it on my honeſty thou hadſt it not.

Piſ.